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[THE following are original communications from the author of the *Songs of Israel*, whom we are happy to rank among our regular contributors.—*Editor.*.]

**D I R G E O F R A C H E L.**

(Genesis xxxv. 19.)

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,  
Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;  
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,  
The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,  
The lilies and the roses bringing ;  
But Rachel never more shall hail  
The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day,  
And Jewish Dames the dance are treading ;  
But Rachel on her couch of clay,  
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sun beam shines,  
And reapers to the field is calling ;  
But Rachel's voice no longer joins,  
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,  
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;  
But earthly storms possess no power,  
To break the slumber that hath bound her ;

Thus round and round the Seasons go,—  
But joy or grief no more betide her ;  
For Rachel's bosom could not know,  
Tho' friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,  
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,  
When seasons on their changeful way  
Shall wend not as they long have wended.

Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom  
Shall meet no storm their bloom to wither—  
When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,  
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

**E L I J A H I N H O R E B.**

(1 Kings, xix. 9—16.)

FROM Jezebel's pursuing wrath,  
The heathen Queen who sought his death,  
Elijah made his lone abode  
In Horeb's hill—the mount of God.

And there within his desert cave  
Of grief and gloom—a living grave,  
The Prophet heaved his lonely sigh,  
And prayed, with fervent heart, to die.

The Lord passed by—a strong wind blew,  
The mountains shook like drops of dew ;  
And like the hoar-frost on the ground,  
The shattered rocks lay strewed around.

The wind was stilled—an earthquake came,  
Like ague through creation's frame ;  
And even the firm established earth  
Trembled like child of human birth.

The earthquake passed—a fire of dread  
The glowing firmament o'erspread ;  
As when the Lord to guilty souls  
Speaks—and the rattling thunder rolls.

But in the wind that rent the rock,  
Or in the earthquake's fearful shock ;  
Or in the radiant fire that shot  
Athwart the sky—the Lord was not.

And, then, there came a still small voice,  
That made the Prophet's heart rejoice ;  
A still small voice, with soothing words  
Of hope and peace—it was the Lord's !

Elijah left his lone abode,  
Confiding in his guardian God ;  
And journeyed on to Syria's land,  
To execute the Lord's command.